It was all his fellow townsmen sould do for

To be continued.

MADAGASCAR'S IRON RULER.

Return to France of the Man Who Made

One of the most interesting and forceful men

of France has just returned to his native land for

rest and recuperation after some years of very

arduous and responsible service. He is Gen. Gallieni, who went to Madagascar in the fall of

1888 to take charge of the country after the

great island had been betrayed by the cow-

ardice and incapacity of the Hoyas into the

hands of the French with scarcely a drop of

bloodshed by the natives for their Queen

and independence. When Gallieni reached

the capital he was proclaimed as Resi

dent General, but it was not long before

he signed himself Governor-General of Mada-

gascar, and from that day to this he has ruled the island with a rod of iron. There is no

doubt who is the ruler, from end to end, of the fourth largest island in the world. It is

Gallieni. France has simply ratified his policy and his deeds. He has been the terror of all

who raised their feeble hands or voices in op

position to the new regime. He is acclaimed to-day by all the rest of Madagascar, and that

official intercourse and meeting with the Queen

of Madagascar. He had arrived in the country just about a year after the French army en-

tered the capital. After that time things had

gone at sixes and sevens and an insurrection ary spirit and then revolt had made great

headway among the Hovas. On Feb. 26, 1897

he sent word to the Queen that the Resident

General desired to see her at a certain hour or

the following day at his office. He believed

that the men who were fomenting rebellion were making a tool of the sovereign and he had a most important announcement to make

Ranavalona III. returned answer that the

Queen of Madagascar gave audiences only at the palace, where she would receive the Resi-dent General. In an hour she received a per-emptory order from Gen. Gallient to appear at his office at the appointed time, and when the time came she was there. As she entered the

HAIRY SEAL CATCHES LARGE.

Use of Their Skins Now Being Made in the

Boot and Shoe Trade.

the Gulf of St. Lawrence this season that the

is practically the whole of the Island. The character of the man is indicated by his

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Synopais of Preceding Chapters.

Fust after a ball at the Sutherland mansion Agatha Webb and her servant are found dead, and Philemon Webb agatha's husband, who for years has been growing demented, is discovered asleep at the dinner table. A trace of blood on his sleeve indicates him as the murderer. Miss Page, the nices of the Sutherland housekeeper, persists in remaining about the Webb promises, and discovers blood on the grass. The money drawer is found empty, and robbery is added to the mystery. Frederick Sutherland, a wayward youth, calls his father to witness his determination to be a better man and promises not to marry Miss Page, by whom he has seen fascinated. Miss Page tells frederick that size the second of the first of the murder and knew where he had secreted a thousand dollars. She gives him a week to decide whether to marry her or be proclaimed as the murderer of Agatha Webb, It is learned that the money was in new bills, and the keeper of a small store produces one that a strange man gave him late the night of the murder for a loaf of bread. A descrive arrives from Boston and reports: "Simple case, Murdered for money, Find the man with the flowing beard." Busicion falls upon one the Zabel prothers, Frederick visits the hollow free. The money is gone. Wattles, a Boston gament of a gambling debt, Frederick secures a cheek for the amount from his father. The bler arrives and demands suggest a monagain selection of a gambling lebt. Frederick secures a check for the amount from his father. The Zabel brothers are found deal of starvation, one of them clutching touch deal of starvation, one his management of the starvation of the management of the management of the management of the management of the starvation of evidence pointing to another perpetrator of the terrible crime. This time Amabel Page is suspected. Sweetwater after the money where he has seen Miss Page hide it. Miss Page is confronted by the detectives and officers and tells what she saw the night of the murder. Frederick overhears the talking and joins the group, and Miss Page tells just enough so that a later confession will implicate Frederick if he refuses to marry her. On the following day occurs the the murder. Frederick overhears the talking and joins the group, and Miss Page tells just enough as hasta later confession will implicate Frederick I he refuses to marry her. On the following day occurry the funeral of Azatha Webb, and late that night Mr. Sutherland discovers Frederick weeping over her grave. On the way home he learns of the learner of the property of the learner of the learne

The letter that followed this was very short: DEAR JAMES: The package of letters has been received. God help me to bear this

why I should not give him this final satisfaction. At least I do not think there is, but if you or your brother differ from me—
Say good-by to James from me. I pray that

his life may be peaceful. I know that it will AGATHA. be honest.

DEAR PHILEMON: My father is worse. He fears that if we wait till Tuesday he will not be able to see us married. Decide, then, what your duty is .: I am ready to abide by your Dieasure. AGATHA.
The following is from John Zabel to his brother James, and is dated one day after the

DEAR JAMES-When you read this I will be far away, never to look in your face again un-

less you bid me. Brother, brother, I meant It for the best, but God was not with me and I have made four hearts miserable without giving help to any one.

When I read Agatha's letter—the last, for more reasons than one, that I shall ever re-ceive from her-I seemed to feel as never be-

fore what I had done to blast your two lives. For the first time I realized to the full that but for me she might have been happy and you the respected husband of the one grand woman to be found in Portchester. That I had loved her so flercely myself came back to me in reproach, and the thought that she perhaps suspected that the blame had fallen where it was not deserved aroused me to such a ritch that I took the sudden and desperate resolution of telling her the truth before she gave her hand to Philemon, and never paused till I reached Mr. Gitchrist's house and was ushered into his presence.

He was lying on the sitting room lounge.

looking very weak and exhausted, while on one side of him stood Agatha and on the other Philemon, both contemplating him with illconcealed anxiety. I had not expected to find Philemon there and for a moment I suffered the extreme agony of a man who has not measured the depth of the plunge he is about to take, but the sight of Agatha trembling under the shock of my unexpected presence cestored me to myself and gave me firmness to proceed. Advancing with a bow, I spoke quickly the one word I had come there to say. 'Agatha I have done you a great wrong, and For months I have felt driven to confession, but not till to-day have I possessed the necessary courage. Now nothing shall hinder me." I said this because I saw in both Mr. Gilchrist and Philemon a disposition to stop me where I was. Indeed. Mr. Gilchrist had risen on his elbow and Philemon was making that pleading gesture of his which we know to well. Agetha alone looked eager. "What is it?" she cried. "I have a right to know." I went to the door, shut it and stood with my back against it, a figure of share and despair. Suddenly the confession burst from me. "Agatha," said I, "why did you break with my brother James? Because you thought him guilty of theft; because you believed he took the \$5,000 out of the sum in trusted to him by Mr. Orr for your father? Agatha, it was not James who did this, it was I, and James knew it and hore the blame of my misdolags because he was always a loyal soul and took account of my weakness and knew, alas, too well that open shame would

It was a weak plea and merited no reply. but the silence was so dreadful and lasted so long that I felt first crushed and then terrified. Raising my head, for I had not dared to look any of them in the face. I cast one glance at the group before me and dropped my head

AGATHA WEBB, again, startled. Only one of the three was looking at me, and that was Agaths. The others had their heads turned aside and I thought, or rather the passing fancy took me, that they shrank from meeting her gaze with something of the same shame and dread I was myself suffering from. But she! Can I ever hope to make you realize her look or comprehend the pang of utler self-abasement with which I succumbed before it. It was so terrible that I seemed to hear her utter words, though Lam sure she did not speak. and with some wild idea of stemming the torrent of her reproaches'I made an effort at explanation and impetuously cried: "It was not for my own good, Agaths, not altogether for self I did this. I loved you also madly, deself I did this. I loved you also madly, de-spairingly, and good brother as I seemed, I was jealous of James and hoped to take his place in your regard if I could show a greater prosperity and obtain for you those things his limited prospects denied him. You enjoy money, beauty, sase; I could see that by your letters, and if James could not give them to you and I could — Oh, do not look at me like that. I see now that millions could not have bought you.

letters, and if James could not give them to you and I could—Oh, do not look at me like that. I see now that millions could not have bought you."

"Despicable!" was all that came from her lips, at which I shuddered and groped about for the handle of the door. But she would not let me go. Subduing with grand self-restraint the emotions which had hitherto swelled too high in her breast for either sueech or action, she thrust out one arm to stay me and said in short, commanding tones: "How was this thing done? You say you took the money: yet it was James who was sent to collect it, or so my father says." Here she tore her looks from me and cast one glance at her father. What she saw I cannot say, but her manner changed, and henceforth she glanced his way as much as mine and with nearly as much emotion. "I am waiting to hear; what you have, to say," she exclaimed, laylag her hand on the door, so as to leave me no opportunity for escape. I bowed and attempted an explanation. "Agatha," said. I, "the commission was given to James and he rode to Sutherlandtown to perform it, but it was on the day when he was accustomed to write to you and he, was not easy in his mind, for he feared he would miss sending you his usual letter."

And then I told the story you know so well, how I took the meney and how after Mr. Gilchrist had accused you of the theft you found out my gulity secret and told me that you had taken my crime on yourself and how afterward my virtue was not equal to assuming the responsibility for my crime.

"John." she said—she was under violent restraint—"why do you come now?"

I cast my eyes at Philemon. He was stending just as before with his eyes turned away. There was discouragement in his attitude, mingled with a certain grand patience. Seeing that he was betterfable to bear her loss than either James or myself. I said to her very low: "I thoustht you ought to know the truth before you gave your final word. I am late, but I would have been too late a week from now."

from now."

Her hand fell from the door, but her eyes remained fixed on my face.

"It is too late now." she murmured. "The clergyman has just gone who united me to Philemon."

Philemon."
The next minute she had faced her father and her new-made husband.
"Father, you knew this thing!" Keen, sharu, incisive the words rang out. "I saw it in your face when he began to speak."
Mr. Gilehrist drooped slightly; he was a very sick man and the scene had been a trying one.

DRAN JAMES: The package of letters has been received. God help me to bear this shock to all my hones and the death of all my girllish beliefs. I am not angry. Only those who have something left to hold to in life can be angry.

My father tells me that he bear-received a packet, too. It contained \$5,000 in ten \$500 notes. James: James: was not my love enough that you should want my father; money, too. I have begged my father and he has promised me to keep the cause of his rupture secret. No one shalk know from either of us that James Zabel has any flaw in his nature. The next letter was dated some months later. It was to Philemon:

"DRAN PHILEMON: The gloves are too small. Besides I never wear gloves. I hate their restraint and do not feel there is any good reason for hiding my hands in this little country town, where everybody knows me. Why not give them to Hattle Weller. She likes such things, while I have had my fill of finery. A gird whose one duty is to care for a dying father has not heart for vanities.

DEAR PHILEMON: You will have my hand though I have told you than my heart does not go with it. It is hard to understand such persistence, but if you are satisfied to take a woman of my strength against her will. then God have merey upon you, for I will be your wife.

But do not sak me to go to Sutherlandtown. I shall live here. And do not expect to keep up your intimacy with the Zabels. There is no to of affection remaining between James and myself, but if I am to shed that half light over your home, which is all I can promise, and all that you can hope to receive, tenk keep from all influence but your own. That this in time may grow sweet and dearn to me is my earnest prayer to-day, for you are worthy of a true wife.

DEAR JOHN: I am going to be married. My father exacts it, and there is no good reason why I should not give him this final satisfaction. At least I do not think there is, but if you or your brother differ from me—

here write that I heard to-day that John and James Zabel have gone into partnership in the shipbuilding business. John's uncle having left him a legacy of several thousand dollars. I hope they will do well. James, they say, to all appearances, is perfectly cheerful and is full of business, and this relieves me from too much worry in his regard. God certainly knew what kind of a husband I needed. May you find yourself equally blessed in your wife. Another letter to Philemon a year later:

DEAR PHILEMON: Hasten home, Philemon. I do not like these absences. I am just now too weak and fearful. Since we knew the great hope before us I have looked often in your face for a sign that you remembered what this hope cannot but recall to my shuddering memory. Philemon, Philemon, was I mad? When I think what I said in my rage and then feel the little life stirring about my heart, I wonder that God did not strike me dead rather than bestow upon me the greatest blessing that can come to woman. Philemon, Philemon, If anything should happen the child! I think of it by day. I think of it by night. I know you think of it, too, though you show me such a cheerful countenance and make such great plans for the future. Will God remember my words or will he forget? It seems as if my reason hung upon this question.

A note this time in answer to one from John

you show me such a cheerful countenance and make such great plaus for the future. Will God remember my words or will he forget? It seems as if my reason hung upon this question.

A note this time in answer to one from John Zabel.

Dean John: Thank you for words shich could have come, from nobody else. My child is dead. Could I expect anything different? If I did, God has rebukee me.

Philemon thinks only of me. We understand each other perfectly now that our greatest suffering comes in seeing each other's pain. My load I can bear, but his—Come and see me. John, and tell James our house is open to him. We have all done wrong, and are caught in one web of mislortune. Let it make us frieads again.

Below this, in l'hilemon's hand:

"My wife is superstitious. Strong and capable as she is, she has felt that this sudden taking off of our first-born is a sign that certain words uttered by her on her marriage day, unhapplik known to you, and, as I take it, to James also, have been remembered by the righteous God above us. This is a weakness which I cannot combat. Cen you, who alone of all the world beside know both it and its cause, help me by a renewed friendship, whose cheerful and natural character may gradually make her forget. If so, come, like old neighbors, and dine with us on our wedding day, If God sees that we have burled the past, and are ready to forgive each other the faults of our youth, perhaps he will further soare this good woman. I think she will be able to bear it. She has great strength, except where a little child is concerned. That alone can henceforth stir the deepest recesses of her heart."

After this a gao of years, One, two, three, four, five children were laid away to rest in Portchester churchyard, then Philemon and she came to Sutherlandown, but not till after a certain event had occurred, best made known by this last letter to Philemon:

Dearest Hussand-Our babe is born, our sixth and our dearest, and the reproach of its first low has not brought down the curse of neaver upon her by her o

lis father is away too, and has not yet seen is boy; and this is their first after ten years' f marriage.

The next letter opens with a cry:

The next letter opens with a cry:

The next letter opens with a cry:

Philemon! Come to me. Philemon! I have done what I threatened. I have made the sacrifice. Our child is no longer ours and now perhaps he may live. But, oh, my breaking heart, my empty, arms. Helt me to bear my desolution, for it is for life. We will never have another child. And where is it? Ah, that is the wonder of it. Near you, Philemon, yet not too near. Mrs. Sutherland has it, and you may have seen its little face through the car window if you were in the station last night when the express passed through to Suther landtown. Ah, but she has her burden to bear, too. An awful, seeret burden like my own, only she will have the child—for Philemon, she has taken it in lieu of her own which died last right in my sight. And Mr. Sutherland does not know, what she has done, and never will, if you keep the secret as I shall, for the sake of the life our little innocent has thus won.

What do I mean and how was it all? Phile

for the sake of the life our little innocent has thus won.

What do I mean and how was it all? Philemon, it was God's work, all but the deception, and that is for the good of all, and to save four broken hearts. Listen: Yesterday, only vesterday—it seems a month are—Mrs. Sutherland came again to see me with her baby in her arms. The baby was looking well, and she was the happlest of women, for the one wish of her heart had been fulfilled, and she was soon going to have the bliss of showing the child to his neart may been tuillied, and she was soon going to have the bliss of showing the child to his father. My own habe was on the bed nelsen, and I, who am feeling wonderfully strong, was sitting up in a little chair as far away from him as possible, not out of haired or indifference. Oh, no, but because he seemed to rest set here some commissation here? I had gave could be mixed up with an afair I had a secret let ween James and my county of the secret let ween James and my county of the secret let ween James and my county of the secret let ween James and my county of the secret let ween James and my county of the secret let ween James and the secret let ween James and the secret let ween James and James James

So one Friday aftermoon—the hunt was to take place on Saturday—the hunters began to arrive, some singly and some in couples, until all had arrived except young Maxwell and his hound Hodo. Mr. Kilpatrick came, bringing Music and Whalebone and Tip, with others. Mr. Collingsworth brought Fanny and Rocket and Bartow, with their chorus; and Mr. Dennis brought Rowan and Ruth and Top and Flirt. There were other hunters with their dogs, and one or two gentlemen who had nu dogs, but who wanted to see the sport

which you will get with the one telling of the baby's death and my own dangerous condition.

Under it these, words: "Though bidden to destroy this I have never dared to do so. Some day it may be of inestimable value to us or to our hoy.

This was the last letter found in the packet. As it was laid down sobs were heard all over the room and Frederick, who for some time now had been sitting with his head in his hands, ventured to look up and say:

"Do you wonder that I endeavored to keep this secret, bought at such a price and sealed by the death of her I thought my mother and of her who really was? Gentismen, Mr. Sutherland really loved his wifs and honored hermomery. To tell him, as I shall have to within the hour, that the child she placed in his arms, twenty-five years ago, was an alien and that all his love, his care, his disappointment and his sufferings have been lavished on the son of a neighbor, requires greater courage than to face doubt on the faces of my fellow townsmen, or anything, in short, but absolute arraignment on the charge of murder. Hence my silence, hence my indecision, till this woman here—he bointed a scornful finger at Amabel now shrinking in her chair—"drove me to it by secretly threatening me with a testimony, which would have made me the murderer of my mother and the lasting disgrace of a good man who alone has been without blame from the beginning to the end of this deaperate affair. She was about to speak when I forestalled her."

That siternoon, before the inquest broke up, the jury brought in their verdict. It was:

"Death by means of a wound inflicted upon herself in a moment of terror and misapprehension."

It was all his fellow townsmen could do for Frederick. But these hunters, their friends and their dogs were not the ones Buster John wanted to So he continued to watch the big gate at the head of the avenue. Sweetest Susan watched with him, Drusilla being busy helping their mother, who, as a good housekeeper, looked after her dining room and was not afraid to go into the kitchen. Buster John was anxious lest young Maxwell would fall to ome, and said so many times. He had once heard his grandfather reading something that Maxwell had written in the county paper. and he had also heard the negroes talking about the young man, how clever and kind he was. And then his horse Butterfly and his hound Hodo. What wonderful tales old Fountain and Johnny Bapter had told about these animals!

But when the sun was about an hour high and just as Buster John, had given up all hope. be saw the big gate swing open. A large dog came through, and after him a rider on a sorrel horse. Without alighting from his horse the rider pulled the gate to, and, leaning down until Buster John could see nothing but one of his feet pressing against the saddle, fas-tened the catch. Buster John had never seen the gate opened and shut in this fashion before, for the latch had been purposely fixed low so that the little negroes could open the gate for vehicles going out and coming in. The dog waited with much dignity for the gate to be shut, and then came trotting along the avenue, close at the heels of the cantering

"That's him." eried Buster John, clapping his hands. How often had Johnny Bapter and old Fountain described the horse and rider. Pale little feller; look like he 'bout twelve year ol'. Rangy sorrel horse, wid long mane. and a tail dat drag de groun'." The tail was tied up, owing to the muddy roads, but the mane was loose and gave the horse a very attractive and picturesque appearance.

Both Buster John and Sweetest Susan ran to meet young Maxwell, but Johnny Bapter was before them. "Howdy, Marse Joe?" oried Johnny Bapter

joyously. "Why, howdy, Johnny Bapter?" Then as the children came up, Maxwell shut both eyes tight, and said: "Wait! Johnny Bapter, I'll bet you a twist of tobacco that the young man over there is Buster John and that this beautiful young lady over here is Sweetest Susan. While he was speaking Johnny Bapter pushed

changed positions. Then: "I'll take de bet!" exclaimed Johnny Bapter. "You've lost," said young Maxwell; "look at my hand." It was open; the forefinger was

the children around deftly so that they ex

at Sweetest Susan. This sort of an introduction charmed the children, who were shy, and put them at their

ease at once. "Here's your tobacco, Johnny Bapter. Now don't feed my horse till I come out to-night. and do put him in a dry place where the wind can't strike him, and, if you have time, wash his legs. The roads are awful. Hang my saddle and blanket on the side feace yonder. I'll go in and tell them howdy, and then I'll come

out and look after them." He went in the house with each of the children holding him by a hand. He seemed to be a child with them. He shook hands with the host and with the other guests, and excused himself on the plea that he wanted to have a frolio with the children. He was 17. but had none of the characteristics of that age. He was even more juvenile in his actions than Sweetest Susan. He made the children call him Joe, and asked them where there was a shelter where he could put his

emptory order from Gen. Gallient to appear at his office at the appointed time, and when the time came she was there. As she entered the room tiallient arease.

"Madame" he said, "as I am the representative here of the power and dignity of the French republie, whose colony Madagascar is, it is fitting that you remain standing to hear the message I have for you."

Gen. Gallient then resumed his seat, and the Queen, for the first time in her life standing on an official occasion, listened to the fateful words that abolished forever the throne of Madagascar. The Resident General told her of his proofs that she was in secret alliance with the traitors who were plotting to over-throw the power of France, and for this she was from that hour deposed from the throne and would be exiled from the island.

The poor Queen bore the ordeal bravely, showing then, as she had shown before, that she had courage and stamina, qualities that were lacking in her pusillanimous counsellors, who had boasted so loudly of their prowess and invincibility before the French army came, only to flee from the capital as fast as their logs could carry them when the crucial moment came, leaving the Queen to the mercy of the victors. She simply asked Gen. Gallient that she might be permitted to live on the saddle to keep it out of the dew. "Make Johnny Bapter hang it up with the rest in the carriage house," suggested Buster

rest in the carriage house," suggested Buster John.

"No," said young Maxwell. "This is a peculiar saddle. It has a dog tied to it by an invisible string." Sure enough! When they reached the side fence, there was Hodo lying directly under the saddle and blanket, which Johnny Bapter had placed on the fence. "You can see the dog and saddle." remarked Maxwell, "but you can't see the string."

Buster John suggested the old carpenter shop, which was a long shed room, the entrance to which had no door. There was a pile of shavings in the shop, and Joe Maxwell said it was the very place of all others. So he placed his saddle on the workbench, kicked the shavings together and told Hodo he could go to bed, and buil the cover over his head when he got ready.

"Will he stary" Buster John asked.

The other dogs were al fastened up in the blacksmith shop to keep them from going home.

Young Maxwell laughed. "He'll stay there

Nome.
Young Maxwell laughed. "He'll stay there till I come after the saddle, upless I call him

with had beaster to hear years, and invincibility before the French army came, only to flee from the capital as fast as their lega could carry them when the crucial moment came, leaving the Queen to the mercy of the victors. She simply asked Gen Gallieni that she might be permitted to live on the Island of Reinion, and he granted her request. The next day she went to her future home.

In the proclamation which, Gen. Gailleni issued to the people on the evening of his interview with the Queen, he told them of her down. Isli "Royalty has become useless in Imerina," he said. "For five months you have seen me at work. I have shown you the meaning of the words: "Madigascar a French colony." They signify that henceforth France is the sole sovereign in Madagascar, and that she does not intend to share this sovereignty with any one. France is the sole mistress in this island. To the Maligassy who labor in peace and are faithful and obedient subjects of France, I shall never cease to give proofs of my good will. To the others, to the robels, the mutinous, of whatever rank, I shall unifringly mete out the severest chastisement, and our soldiers will hunt them down to their lairs. I have done. Heed my words. You know that what I say, that will I do."

He has kept his word in all respects to the letter. His name has been a terror to all who sought, by refuge in the forests or in other ways, to escare allegiance to France. He has ruled the Hovas justly, but with a rod of iron. Some of his acts have made him extremely popular among the other tribes. He abolished slavery, and declared that henceforth the slaves were the equals of their former masters. "You Betsileos," he said to the people of this tribe when he visited their country and 40,000 of them gathered to hear his words, "have seen that if France is stody them, pressing round me to express their gratitude."

There is no doubt that Gallieni has done wonders, and, as a whole, the people of Madagascar adore him, even the Hovas, though he has treated many of their leaders blacksmith shop to keep them from going home.

Young Maxwell laughed. "He'll stay there till I come after the saddle, unless I call him out."

If was for returning to the house, but just then the cillidren saw their grandfather and his other guests coming in their direction. "Maxwell," said Mr. Collingsworth. "Tre heard a heap of loose talk about this wonderful dog of yours. I lay you I have two can outfoot him; Dennis has another, and Kilvatrick another. Where've you hid him? I den't mind dark horses in polities; but I don't like dark dogs in fox chases."

"Then you'll not like Hodo," remarked Joe Maxwell, "for he's very dark, almost black. Come, Hodo."

The hound instantly came from the shed, and stood looking at his master, his head turned expectantly to one side. This gesture, as you may call it, was somewhat comical, but it was impressive, too. Hodo was large for a hound, but very compactly built. His breast bone and foreshoulders were very prominent, his chest was deep and full, his hams were almost abnormally developed, and his tail ran to a keen point. His color was glossy black except for a dash of brown and white on his breast and legs and a white strip between his eyes. His ears were shorter than those of the aversue pointer. His shape and built were on the order of a finely bred built terrier, only on a very much larger scale. "You call that a hound?" remarked Mr. Collingsworth jokingly.

"It he Birdsong dogs are hounds," responded Joe Maxwell.

"Ou call that a hound?" remarked Mr. Collingsworth jokingly.

"He's a pretty dog," said Mr. Kilvatrick, "but he'll have some warm work cut out for him in the morning."

During this brief conversation Buster John had approached olose to Hodo, and now laid his hand on the dog caressingly. Hodo dinched as if he had been stuns, and sanried savagely, but instinct or curiosity caused him to nose the youngster, and then he whined and wasged his tail joyously as if he had found an old friend.

"Well, well," exclaimed Maxwell: "this is the first time I have ever know QUEBEC, May 23. - So large has been the catch of seals off the coasts of Newfoundland and in price for them is lower than it ever was before These skins come, of course, from what is known as the hairy seal. Last year a wellknown as the hairy seal. Last year a well-known boot and shoe manufacturing firm of Massachusetts made an attempt to utilize these skins in its business, and succeeded so well that it is repeating the experiment this season. There is believed to be every prospect of sealskins coming into general use in the extensive boot and shoe trade of New England. The work to which the skins are being adapted is, so far, inside work, for which hitherto kangaroo skins have been employed. The desire of the manufacturers to replace these by sealskins is due to the extra cost of the kangaroo skins, owing to the heavy freight charged upon them from Australia.

"I agree with you there laughing.
Isoturning from his encounter. Hodo went to Buster John and rubbed his head against the youngster, and followed him about. This, of course, was very pleasing to Joe Maxwell; for ordinarily Hodo was very victous with strangers, and especially with children.

When supper, which was a very substantial

PLANTATION PAGEANTS.

BUSTER JOHN SEES BODO.

BUSTER J for Buster John and the two went to the lot. On the way there they were joined by Johnny Bapter.

"Show me where my horse is, Johnny Bapter," said Joe Maxwell.

"He right vonder, suh, in de best stall dey is. His legs all clean,"

"Well, then, Johnny Bapter, I want aftern ears of corn, not the biggest, with sound ends, and two bundles of fodder. Put the corn in the trough, untie the bundles of fodder outside, and whip as much of the dust out of it as you can. And then place a bucket of water in one end of the trough."

This was all very quickly and deftly done, for Joe Maxwell's tobacco, as Johnny Bapter described it, "tasted like mo," and the way to get more was to look after that sorrel horse.

I hote you are going along with us in the morning," said Joe Maxwell to Buster John as they were returning to the house.

"Oh, I wish I could," the boy exclaimed. "I'd give anything to go, but mamma says I'm too young, Sho's afraid something will happen to me."

Young Maxweil laughed. "Why, I went fox hunting before I was as old as you. Mr. Dennis took me behind him twice, because I promised I wouldn't hunt rabbits with his fox hounds."

"Please tell mamma that!" cried Buster

"Please tell mamma that!" cried Buster John.
"I certainly will," said Maxwell.
And he did. As soon as they went in the house he took Buster John by the hand and want into the parlor, where the lady was entertaining her guests with music and conversation. She was in high good humor. Hereye sparkled, and her laughter was pleasing to the car.
"Come in you two hoys," she cried merrily. "Here's a comfortable chair by me-shall I call you Mr. Maxwell? I used to call you Joe when you were younger." "Everybody calls me Joe," said Maxwell. "I have come to ask you a favor. Will you allow Buster John to go hunting with us to-morrow morning?"

row morning?"
"Why, who ever heard of such a thing?"
"Mr. Dennis, there, has heard of it—twice,"
The lady looked at Mr. Dennis, who gave at
affirmative nod. "How would he go?" she

sked.
"On my horse, behind me."
"What do you think of it, father?"
"What I think he will be perfectly safe with "Let him go, by all means." said Mr. Dennis emphatically. "It will help to make a man of him."

nis emphatically. "It will help to make a man of him."

"But two on a horse in a fox chase! Why, it's ridiculous!" exclaimed the lady. "The horse would break down in half an hour."

"How much does Buster John weigh?" Joe Maxwell asked.

"Fifty-five," said Buster John proudly. "Then the horse would carry a hundred and forty pounds. Mr. Denns weighe at least thirty pounds more than that, and he's the smallest man in the party."

There was nothing for the mother to do but to give her consent, though she gave it with many misgivings, as mothers will, and with many admonitions to Joe Maxwell to take care of the boy, which he faithfully promised to do.

To make sure that he would not be left be-

to do.

To make sure that he would not be left behind Buster John begged to be allowed to sleep in the room with Maxwell. This point was easily carried, and the youngster went off to bed criumphantly, an hour earlier than usual. He was asleen when the hounds were fed on warm corn bread, especially prepared for them, and he was far in the land of dreams when, a little later, Joe Maxwell carried Hiddo his supper, which Jemimy, bribed with to-bacco for her pipe, had "saved out" for him. It was not large in amount, but carefully se-

his supper, which Jemliny, bribed with tobacco for her bipe, had "saved out" for him.
It was not large in amount, but carefully selected, and no doubt Hodo enjoyed it, for he
made no complaint about it.

Buster John, as has been said, went to bed
happy and triumphant, and it seemed to him
that he had been in bed but a few moments
when he felt Joe Maxwell elasking and rolling
him about in bed, and heard him erring out:

"Where's this famous fox hunter who was
to go along and take care of me this morning?
The horses are all ready, breakfast is ready,
so Jeminy says, and everybody is ready except the Great North American Fox Hunter,
known far and wide as Buster John? What
can be the matter with him?"

In this way Buster John was aroused to the
realities, and he remembered with a thrill of
delight that this was to be the day of days, so
far as he was concerned. He leaped from the
bed and was dressed in a jiffy.

"Don't wake the house, my son," said Joe
Maxwell solemnly, "There's your overcoat
your mother sent up just night; the air is
chilly this morning. There was a cold rain
during the night."

"But you have no overcoat," remarked Buster John.

"Oh, I'm tough," replied Joe Maxwell. "I've
been out to look after my horse and dog. They
are both prime and the weather is prime. If
the fox we are going after is a friend of yours,
you may as well bid him good-by this morning.

"He's yery cunning," explained Buster

"He's yery cunning," explained Buster

pointing at Buster John and the little finger

you may as well but the property of the proper

morning, and you get a good chance, tell him good-by."

"I think he knows all about this hunt," Buster John ventured to say.

"Oh, does he? Well, it will be a mighty good thing for him if he has moved his quarters; but we'll best around and about, and see if he won't kive us a dare.

"I know where he used to stay," said Buster John. He didn't know whether he was doing right or wrong. "Aaron showed me."

"Aaron? Well, Aaron knows all about it, and he knows a good deal more than that. Some of these days I'm going to write a book about Aaron."

"Sure enough?" cried Buster John. "I can tell you lots of things to put in it. I can tell you hings that nobody would believe if they hadn't seen 'em."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do." said Joe Maxwell, "we'll make a bargain. You shall

"Sure enough?" cried Buster John. "I can tell you lots of things to put in it. I can tell you lots of things to put in it. I can tell you hings that nobody would believe if they man't seen 'em' nobody would believe if they man't seen 'em' nobody would believe if they on "Well. I'll tell you what we'll do." said Joe Maxwell. "we'll make a bargain. You shall tall the fox to-day if you'll tell me all about Anroa.

Buster John agreed and the two shook hands over the contract in the most solemn fashion. In a few moments they were eating breakfast, which was a very good one for that part of the country, even if the coffee was made of parched rye and sweetened with honey, shortly afterward the hunters were ready to ride to the field. It was still dark, but dawn was beginning to show liself, and by the time the final start was made—the children's grandfather having to give some directions to Aaron—dawn was fairly upon them and the chickens were fluttering from their roosts to the ground and waking dubiously about in the half light. Now, old Scar-Face, confident of his powers, had done a very foolish thing. During the night, and while the rain was still failing, he night, and while the rain was still failing, he had ventured to reconnoitre the Abercombie place. He came out of the sedge field through the bars, crossed the road and went sneaking as far as the ginhouse. Here he stopped and istened. The night was still, but his quick ears heard noises that would have been imperceptible to human ears—the playful squeak of a rat somewhere in the ginhouse, a field mouse skipping through the weeds, the fluttering of wings of some night bird. He heard the barking of dogs, too, but not a strange voice among them. He heard the Spivey catch'dog, with his gruff and threatening bark. Far away he heard a hound howling mournfully. The hound was evidently tied. Close at hand barked the cur that had challenged Hodo; he had not vet recovered his good humor.

But not a strange voice came to his ears. This was easily accounted for manifer t

was a doubt, and to ease his fears he decided to test the matter more fully.

On a fence near him a hen and half a dozen pullets were peacefully roosting. He crept up directly under the hen, gathered his strong legs under him, leaped upward, and the next moment was cautering through the dry weeds, dragging the squalling hen by the wing. Surely the racket was sufficient to alarm the plantation. At the barn he dropped the hen placed a forefoot firmly upon her, and held his head high to listen. There was certainly a loud response to the hen's alarm. The geese in the spring lot made a tremendous outery, seconded by the guineas, but the only dog that barked was the cur that made a mistake by attacking Hodo.

This certainly seemed to be a fair test, and Old Scar-Face was satisfied. He crushed the poor hen's neck in his cruel paws and put an end to her appeal for help. He was not very hungry, but he carried the hen home, promising himself a hearty breakfast in the morning. He ate a good ration, however, and then curled himself snugly together until he looked like a big ball of yellow fur.

like a big ball of yellow fur.

He was awake early the next morning, but before he was half through his breakfast the likht of day was beginning to creep under the briers, when he heard a long, mournful wall at the Abercrombie place, followed by another. How often he had heard this wall. It was the cry of foxhounds. He stayed not to hear it repeated, but skieped out into the gray dawn, like the shadow of fear stealing away from the light.

WINTER IN THE ANTARCTIC

DESCRIBED BY THE ONLY EXPLORER WHO HAS HAD A TASTE OF IT.

The Belgica's Year in the Pack Ice-Drift-

ing 500 Miles to the West-Cold Blasts from the South and Warmer North Winds-Penguins and Seals in the Water. The Royal Belgian Geographical Society reeived on April 27 a report from Lieut, de Gerlache, commander of the Belgica expedition, on the year and two menths spent in Antarotic waters. THE SUN has already printed many facts about the experiences of the expedition, but no sufficient data concerning the scientific work of the Belgica have been at hand hitherto to make it possible to prepare a summary of the results of this journey, which extended some distance into the unknown

Antaretic area. The following facts deduced

and some of them computed from the Lieutenant's report relate entirely to the exploratory work and the hitherto untried Antarctic winter. Starting on Jan. 14, 1898, from States Island, at the southeast end of Terra del Fuego. seven soundings were made as the Belgica crossed the 500 miles of waters to the South Shetland Islands and the greatest depth at-tained was 13,251 feet. The comparative shallowness of these waters had previously been ascertained. A wide submarine plateau connects the southern end of the American mainland with the islands visited by the Beigies. On Jan. 21, a week after leaving South America, the Belgica entered Branfield Strajt, which

separates the South Shetland Islands from the

larger land masses known as Trinity. Palmer and Graham Lands to the south, and steamed west through the Strait to Low Island. It was while crossing southeast from Low Island to Hughes' Gulf, Palmer Land, that De Geriache saw what he reports as a possible discovery of land. He says he found a narrow strait sepa-rating the "terres de l'Est" (Trinity Land) from an important archipelago, which he provisionally named the Palmer Archipelago. In view of the visits to these regions of Bellingschausen, Biscos d'Urville, Dallman and a number of British and American whalers, it is strange if the Belgica has brought to light new land north of and near to the large land mass. In the three following weeks, Jan. 25 to Feb. 12, about twenty landings were made on the islands of Palmer Archipelago and the coast on the south side of the narrow strait, and these weeks were very fruitful in collections. The goologist, Mr. Racovitza, discovered specimens of a new kind of podurelle and a species of dipterous or two-winged insect, besides many specimens of minute organisms, all representatives of a terrestrial Antarotic fauna

sitherto unknown. He also collected mosses, hitherto unknown. He also collected mosses, he he also and grasses and made notes on the person of birds that were seen in large numbers. Mr. Lecointe determined the geographical position of a number of points. Lieut. Dauco dewas able to land his instruments. Pr. Cook of Brooklyn took many photographs of the rideturesque coasts, and Lieut. de Gerlache speaks in high terms of the value of this work, the speaks in high terms of the value of this work, the aspects of a part of this coastline, the long-est yet known in the South Point regions except in Victoria Land. Mr. Arctowski collected of the Pr. 21 the Heighes made her way westward into the ocean and turned south. A heavy for prevailed until the litth and prevented observations that might otherwise have been servations to servations that might otherwise have been servations to servations that might otherwise have been servations that might otherwise have been servations to servations that the servation of the servations o

RELS IN CAPTIVITY.

They Keep Their Appetite and Grow Fat and Appear to Get Along Very Well.

Eels appear to be pretty hardy in captivity. There are in a tank at the Aquarium a number of eels that have thrived and grown fat there, although they must there content themselves with a gravel bottom instead of one of mud, which they would seek in nature. cel in captivity is rather susceptible to fungus, but the disease responds readily to treatment, and the cel never loses its appetite. All the cels in this tank have increased materially in size and weight there. The cel that has been in the tank the longest time came from Cold Spring Harbor, and has now been in the tank about three years. One of the cels was caught about a year and a half ago right in the Aquarium; taken from the value of a rump, which had become he ago of the cels was got out substantian, ininjured. It has about doubled in weight since then.

The cels are fed on chopped up clams, with occasionally some live killes, which they are easily able to catch and which they like. Killes, in fact, make a good bait in fishing for cels, with the kille hooked through the back in such a way as not to kill it or deprive it of the power of motion. eel in captivity is rather susceptible to fungus.